ISTORIC REHOBOTH

MILES FROM ANYWHERE.

Once Was a Rival of the Village of Boston for the Capital of Massachusetts.

ally twelve miles from anywhere. Someother the railroad companies have arsed a grudge against Rehoboth, for with eally contemptible persistency they built nes across the country all around the

own and left it just twelve miles from rywhere. Driving to Rehoboth from Twelve miles to Rehoboth village." Rehooth has been a "Jonah" town, in that it mes with a rapidity unequaled by no own in southeastern Massachusetts.

Rehoboth can claim fame for its historic past, for the great men it has proeral narrow escapes. King Philip, during section, paid a great deal of attention to this settlement. He thought he owned it. and made several partially successful atthe commonwealth was formed. At that time Rehoboth was the king pin of ettlement in the Massachusetts bay coly. Rehoboth has not been much of a ival of Boston lately, but it was then. The great issue of the amalgamation of the Plymouth and Massachusetts bay cols was the location of the capital. It between Rehoboth, as the biggest in e Plymouth settlements, and Boston. It was hard to choose between the two in hose days, and the politicians of the two ettlements put in hard work booming their espective townships for the capital. As it was, Rehoboth lost, Boston winning by six otes. So with this Boston commenced to imb, and Rehoboth, while it did not deine, did not forge ahead. Rehoboth has, owever, in the same way, contributed to the advancement of a good many towns in the vicinity, and if her old areage was possessed to-day there would be a number of important manufacturing districts withher limits. Rehoboth started off to spread and that part of the town began to In like manner the manufacturing towns of Attleboro and North Attleboro be-

Tements their first impetus. AN OBJECT OF CONTEMPT. And so down the list, the various parts of old Rehoboth, which were lopped off from time to time, developed, became big, tial, in their inflated judgment, little town. the growth of all of these offshoots of Rehoboth. The practical politician of toay wonders if these legislators of years ago were really the unbiased gentlemen the histories credit them with being, or whether they were not actually open to prejudice. This is the turn that the practical politician's mind is taking when he thus rumi-

came pre-eminent as producers of jewelry, sithough really Rehoboth gave these set-

Did Boston really conspire to turn Reho-both down so regularly? Was Boston realsore because the then big, important town of Rehoboth presumed to stand up and hold out her hand for the capitol? As a matter of fact, reasons the modern politician, why was it that the Legislature seld in Boston persisted in setting off all both? It looks to the reasoning mind of the modern politician as though Boston cherished an antipathy for Rehoboth for almost beating her out of the capital plum. He believes, upon the facts, that as soon as any part of Rehoboth took to manufacturing and threatened to give the town a boom, the Legislature made a new town out of the growing part and so kept Rehoboth down. This same politician thinks that it was very small of these victorious Bostonians to continue to metaphorically mack the late rival in the head as soon as It made a try to be somebody. Thus, says the politician, Boston was afraid of Rehoboth, even after she got the capitol, eise why was Rehoboth so often turned down by the Legislature in this way?

When you get a good practical politician at work on historical problems, how he can explain things by the light of his modern education. Just suppose that Rehoboth had beaten Boston for the location of the capitol. Imagine Rehoboth to-day with the potato patch in the heart of Rehoboth vil-Perhaps the Statehouse would not Wednesday in January, when the great and general court began to get together at Rehoboth for the inaugural ceremony. Legislators coming pouring in from all over the commonwealth. Some of them would have to leave home on Monday in order to be in Rehoboth by Wednesday. Some of them would have to travel through Rhode Island to reach there. They might have some trouble collecting the exact mileage from the State Treasurer in some instances.

POSSIBILITIES OF REHOBOTH. The dreamer who revolves this once possibility of Rehoboth as the capital over in his mind gets a good deal of mental enjoyment out of his picture of Rehoboth of to-day as the site of the Statehouse. Rehoboth, as the capital, might be vastly different from the Rehoboth of to-day, yet as the dreamer does not know what Rehoboth would have been if she had secured the capitol, he is obliged to plant his visionary building in the little farming communi-

ty of to-day. En route for Rehoboth is the first part of this fanciful picture of this State capparticular "stage" is rather a misnomer. It is, in fact, an old-fashioned, narrow-box carryall, with one seat in front and a goas-you-please arrangement in the rear. If you get a chance on the seat, all right bags or any other piece of freight that may be going your way. Twelve good miles of woodland, with glimpses here and there of great stretches of broad, level fields, perfectly eloquent to the practiced eye of the agriculturist, and the "stage" swings

But there are other ways of reaching there. Go to Providence, take the electric cars to East Providence, then drive twelve miles through part of Seekonk, and then you are at Rehoboth. Perhaps you can get a carriage at the end of the line at East Providence. No one else has ever been abie to, but perhaps you can. Then, again, it is possible to get to Rehoboth from Taunton, and here the inevitable twelve miles of delicious country road confront the traveler. Then, again, it is equally possible to get to Rehoboth from that other strawberry town. Dighton. There are lots of ways of getting within twelve miles of Rehoboth. When the Legislature met in Rehoboth it probably would do business quicker. There would not be so much to do. Why, you can do the town easy in an hour or two. Not that the legislators would not find things to interest them in Rehoboth. On the contrary, during the noon hour, after the Representatives, Senators and friends had eaten their frugal lunches and the noonday basket picnic was over, they could take a walk. Those who did not bring their lunches could procure grain for their horses and crackers and cheese for themselves at Marvel's store. Then all hands could stroll. They could climb that picturesque eminence, Great Meadow Hill, 226 feet in height, or, if they wanted a water view, could take a look at Bad Luck brook, which is really much prettier than its name implies.

Park. The chances are that after they got fairly started from one end of Squanna-konk Park, with its 2,500 acres of beautiful cedar swamp, the dissenters would not be back before the Governor had signed the act in question and the Legislature had adjourned. In case they learned the devious ways of Squannakonk, there is Mamwhauge pronounced any way, every one would know what was meant. This is a side partner of Squannakonk, same area, same crowth, same density, same opportunities for getting lost and never getting out.

RIVAL OF BOSTON. hoboth the capital counted on cutting Squannakonk and Mamwhauge into building lots, but at this late day absolute verification is impossible.

What a real nice time the legislators could have had with the Coxey army if they had marched on a Rehoboth Statehouse. Perhaps they never could have reached there, but if they did they could have been neatly steered into Squannakonk, and before they could have gotten out they would have forgotten not only their cause, but their names also. The more you think of it the greater the obvious advantages which would have accrued in these years by the Statehouse having been located at

Rehoboth instead of Boston. But there would be many days when the Legislature would have been glad they were in Rehoboth instead of Boston. In the strawberry line there is nothing that goes ahead of Rehoboth. Sweet, luscious fruit grows on the long stretches of vines that transform the fields into green gridirons, a quality sufficient to make the most dignified legislator lose the last stage for the nearest station Rehoboth justly has a reputation for the red berries. The farmers know how to grow them, and there is probably no town in Massachusetts where the fruit is ripe earlier. It is no remarkable thing to pick ripe strawberries on Memorial day in Rehoboth. And then there is the Rehoboth m'lk.

The Rehoboth cow, in competition with other cows, would take no second place. In fact, there is one cow in Rehoboth that gives milk of such richness that it does not require churning. Let it stand twentyfour hours and it is butter. Many anec-dotes might be told in eulogy of the Re-Rehoboth is picturesque with its wealth

of profitable milk, strawberry and vegetable farms, and can justly be called a flourishing agricultural town, and the more the visitor thinks of it the more convinced he becomes that perhaps after all it was hasty and unwise, this action that gave Boston the capital instead of Rehoboth. Rehoboth was in the days when it was the pride of the Plymouth colony. "Can the same thing be said of Boston?" asks the historian, as he gazes at Selectman Goff's potato patch, where the Statehouse might have stood. had things been otherwise.

A CHEERFUL GIVER. Novelist Howells Describes His Tribu-

lations with Beggars. Some months ago, as I was passing through a down-town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging. Otherwise he did not ask charity. When I approached him he did not look up, and when I stopped in front of him he did not speak. I thought this rather fine, in its way; except for his mutilation, which the man really could not help, there was nothing to offend the taste, and his immobile silence was certainly impressive.

I decided at once to give him something, for when I am in the presence of want, or even the appearance of want, there is some-thing that says to me, "Give to him that asketh," and I have to give, or else go away with a bad conscience—a thing I hate. Of course, I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian, and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey, I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to unbutton two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice I certainly

I am never able to make sure that either of those voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself; but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh;" for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which, in a case like this, is the one that incensed political economy gives me.

I put my hand into my hip pocket, where I keep my silver, and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings; and it was not chill penury that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was man-ifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands, or to any sort of beggar. I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, but I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of 50 cents, and I felt that when I was bidden "Give to him that asketh" I was never

meant to give so much as a half dollar. but a cent, or a half dime, or, at the most, a quarter. I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but there was nothing in my pocket but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brown-stone dwellings, and not a ground, and, what is more, it is right handy to the village, the village consisting of Marvel's grocery store, D. D. Pierce's blacksmith shop, an old discarded and decrept cotton mill and a watering trough.

Picture this lively corner on the first vector of the village consisting there on the steps of an anything. For a moment I did not know quite what to do. To be sure, I was not voice that forbade anything. For a moment I was not bound to the men in the first vector mill and a watering trough. thronged thoroughfare at any time. At paused before him. I could go on and ignore the incident. I thought of doing this, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street and near the corner I saw a decent looking restaurant; and "Wait a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away,

> changed at the restaurant. I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room, and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted I was ashamed to ask him to change my half dollar, and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which did not want, and which !t was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke, though doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce than to give the half dollar and encourage beggary. At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transac-tion, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps and secure myself with Christian charity, too, On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by poising 15 cents on one of his outstretched

and I ran across to get my half dollar

A MAN'S COOKING.

Simple Ways of Getting Breakfast and Living Like a Prince.

New York Tribune. "I have found out the secret of health," said one man to a group of others. "There around the corner on the country road, and halting in front of Marvel's store, the driver announces that Rehoboth has been than \$2 and a weekly cost of about \$2 or \$3 more, I can live like a prince so far as breakfasts go. I have to put up with the other meals as best I may, at least until my wife comes home. My daily bill of fare at present consists of steaks, chops, liver and bacon, ham and eggs, a squab now and then, and all sorts of little fuxuries like potatoes, strawberries and chicken. Of course I am only a poor novice, grateful for the few crumbs of cooking-sense I have been able to pick up and put in practice through watching my wife, and not through any lessons she has given me. She always said I was too utterly stupid ever to learn to cook, but I am certain that necessity makes even the most careless and stupid of us try to learn. I believe now in the English rather than the French practice, which I had previously given a good trial. That is, the morning meal should be a real solid one; not a little coffee to serve to stand the stomach off till a heavy breakfast at say 11 or 12 o'clock, but a repast that will give a man strength and spirit to work hard till lunch time, then enable him to go on without feeling it much until 7 o'clock dinner, if need be.

"To begin with my cooking, I know you are skeptical, but I don't see anything in their horses and crackers and cheese for themselves at Marvel's store. Then all hands could stroil. They could climb that picturesque eminence, Great Meadow Hill, 256 feet in height, or, if they wanted a water view, could take a look at Bad Luck brook, which is really much prettier than than most people think. I have been hands could take a look at Bad Luck brook, which is really much prettier than the mixtures people will call horified at the mi

a small tip weekly the man servant of a boarding house is always very glad to bring up my breakfast, and three-quarters of an hour from the time he has called me I have had my bath, shaved, and am ready for eating. I always have a little hot milk brought up, and this, with three teaspoonfuls of evaporated cream, enables me to have a cup of coffee such as many a millionaire does not know how to get. As soon as the water for the coffee boils I gild refined gold by pouring a little of the hot water into the coffee pot to heat it, emptying and wiping it dry, of course, at once, when I wrap it up in a towel. Now I put the coffee to one side, and, putting a little fresh good butter, which I buy and keep on hand, in the frying pan, I melt it and then place my steak or chop there. In a minute or two it begins to cook, and very soon it must be turned over. It is a little more difficult, this cooking over a spirit stove, than on a fire, because the heat is all in the center, and I have concluded that frying in good butter is superior to broiling; you don't lose any of the juice, and in this extempore sort of cooking it is much more convenient. I like to season my meat too, as I cook; it is much nicer, and I have got so that by spreading a few newspapers landlady make any objections. Besides the frying pan, I have a tin stew pan, or ket-tle, and in this I do my pigeons and po-tatoes. As I said, I am only a novice, but get a lot of satisfaction out of my cooking, keep in splendid health, and, of course, it is very economical. I don't dare to think what living at a hotel as I breakfast would

the benefits of good living and how to get it by saying that it made a difference to him in dollars and cents of many times the cost of his breakfasts in the extra power, energy and enterprise they made him feel all through the day.

A DU MAURIER STORY,

With a Bostonese Psychological Attachment.

Not a thousand miles from Boston in a big pleasant old house lives a lady who read Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" aloud to her family on four or five evenings of last autumn. She sat beside a crackling open fire in the library and read, by the light of a student lamp, from the pages of a file of magazines the chapters of the story her daughter, and a lady who was staying in the house were her auditers every evening, and at different times there were two or three other people who heard chapters of the story as she read aloud, visitors who came and went, taking their share of the fireside charm, while the reader lent to the tale of Mr. Du Maurier the beauty of her voice. And always, as it chanced a large armchair stood unoccupied at one side of the chimney. Nobody happened to sit in it. Not even the children as they snuggled about the library, listening in the desultory yet absorbed fashion of the young, drifted into that particular chair. On the last night of the reading, when been heard, when "A Bagot to the rescue!" had taken to the kind heavens all the good and the ill, the sweetness, and the sadness, and sorrow, and sin of Trilby, and Little Billee and Svengali, this thing happened: Mrs. - laid down the magazine and said with a little sigh to the friend who had heard all of the story from her lips that she felt as though her chief visitor had gone. "What do you mean?" the other asked, looking a little startled. "Has it seemed to you, too, as though there was some one here?"

"Yes; every evening it has seemed as though a man sat in that chair smoking and listening as I read. It did not impress me so much as it happened. But now that he has gone I miss him." They talked a little more and found that empty chair had been distinct for both of them, but the reader had seen his face,

knew how he looked, and wondered if there was any meaning in the apparition, aithough not at all given to experiences of Weeks afterwards the chief actress in this little psychic drama was turning over an illustrated paper when she caught sight of a

fore, rather a striking face, of an individ-uality to be remembered. In a flash she had "Why there's my man!"
It was the face of the one she had seen

smoking his pipe in the empty armchair by the library fire as she read "Trilby" aloud to her husband and children. It was a portrait of Mr. George Du Mau-None of the pictures of him that Mrs. --has seen since have looked much like her visitor, and she has studied them all, it may well be supposed, with a great deal of in-

She has not yet read "Peter Ibbetson." and it was only a few days ago that she learned for the first of the power of that hero of Mr. Du Maurier to travel about in his astral body. So that there was no "sub-consciousness" of those Ibbetson experiences in her mind to account for her recognition of the visitor who "assisted" at her reading

THE GRAND ARMY.

Veterans of the North the Only Ones Deserving Honor.

Northwestern Christian Advocate. There is a pathetic contrast between a procession of youth and a march of the survivors of the Union army. One looks to the future, and all men hope much for the world when these children and youth shall have reached mature years. The gray-haired veterans seem to be marching out of life, and we are touched by their wavering lines. We shall see the younger procession pass our way again, while we doubt that the lines of faded blue will have strength

Who, being then alive, does not recall the day in which these now feeble men tramped past us on their way to the cars in which they went to the front, and to the presence of the enemy? They were then young, service in which wounds and death are normal, and to be anticipated. No juster cause ever assembled heroes and glorified the names of those who upheld it.

We hold that these are the only soldiers who should be mentioned in these latter days. It is said that others deserve mention because they were "our countrymen and brave." They were brave, and being our countrymen they may now be rewarded by our consent to silence respecting their sin against liberty. The bravery of the North is not a debatable question. The bravest are silent in their own behalf, just as they choose to be silent respecting the virtue of women. Men have been brave in some of the worst causes that ever dishonored a sword. How these ranks are thinning. A brigade passes across the river to the land of the

hereafter every day. Presently there will not be enough for a muster, and the honored survivors will be too weak to march. Let the "assembly call" be sounded in our hearts, and the bugle notes of the "Forward" echo in our consciences and lives. These men will never be forgotten. The Republic owes them honor, and all the pension money it can gather. Who cares if there be some, or some hundreds, of un-worthy men in the very long, but lessening, rosters of pensioners? That little which is misapplied is a mere bagatelle. The list itself is right. It costs money to handle armies, and when peace comes it is well to be taxed a little to remind us of the vast expense former national wrongs have inflicted upon the people. We sometimes think it would now be well to value the worth of the slaves at the time when war came, to assess the sum upon all the people, and then give it all to surviving soldiers.

A Whale's Spouting.

Pittsburg Dispatch. The whale does not discharge water, but only its breath. This, however, in rushing up into the air hot from the animal's body, has the moisture condensed to form a sort of rain, and the colder the air, just as in the case of our own breath, the more marked the result. When the spout is made with the blowhole clear above the surface of the water it appears like a sudden jet of steam from a boiler. When ef-fected, as it sometimes is, before the blow-hole reaches the surface, a low fountain as from a street fire plug is formed, and when the hole is close to the surface at the moment a little water is sent up with the tall jet of steam. The cloud blown up does not disappear at once, but hangs a little while, and is often seen to drift a short distance with the wind.

Lawyer-You will get your third out of the estate, madam. Widow-Oh, Mr. Bluebags! How can you say such a thing, with my second hardly cold in his grave?

JUNE IS THE

Banner Business Month of the Spring Season

We intend that this June shall surpass all its predecessors in volume of sales. With the finest, the largest and the coolest store in the State-the largest and most varied stock of CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS and HATS in Indianapolis-with values that are exceptional and prices that are irresistible-there is no reason why

EARLY JUNE OFFERINGS



15 styles of Youth's fine, all-wool Cassimere. Cheviot and Serge Suits, in blue, black, light and medium shades — worth \$10,\$12 and \$13,50—only

\$7.25

Under-sized men will have no difficulty in being fitted in one of these

Outing Sweaters.

Bicycle | Suits.



We offer you your choice of nearly 200 different pat- You'll be surprised to find how terns in fine, all-wool Cheviots, Serges, Cassimeres, Clays good a Straw Hat 48c will buy, in black and colors, plain and fancy Worsteds and Home- if you buy it at the MODEL. Stockings. spuns, made up in either sack or frock styles.

The majority of these fabrics are such as you usually some of the finest Straws made find only at the merchant tailor's. If you find anything this year. like any of them in other clothing houses, it will be at a A full line of Ladies' Straw much higher price.

At 98c, \$1.50 and \$2 we show

Sailors, 48c to \$2.

Clothing

Hot . Weather When you want a Thin Coat, you are ready for our thin goods department. SERGES, DRAP D'ETES, ALPACAS, MOHAIRS and PONGEE SILKS, in every grade, from \$1.50 to \$10.

CHASE FOR A BURGLAR.

Merchant Policeman Bacon Has a Lively Chase, but Lands His Man.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning Merchant policeman Bacon heard a noise in the rear of P. B. Ault's store on East Washington street, which sounded as if some one was trying to break into the back door of the building. He went around to a point where he could see the back door and there found a man at work trying to gain an entrance. He called to him to surrender, but instead of doing so the burglar started to run. He was about to get away and Bacon pulled his revolver and fired at him as he turned the corner in the alley. A man who was in Horace Wood's livery stable says the bullet lodged in the hay mow of the stable. Bacon kept up the chase, yelling at the top of his voice, and finaly others took it

up. A street-car conductor named Norwood saw the fleeing burglar and left his car for a few moments to join in the chase. By this time two or three patrolmen and several citizens had joined in the chase Bacon and Norwood were in the lead, how-ever, and caught the man in the alley in the rear of the New York store. He re-fused to talk, and would not even give his own or an assumed name.

Kelly Was Not Brought Back.

Detective Thornton returned from Cincinnati last night without Kelly, the porch climber. Kelly is in the police station at Cincinnati and will be brought here some time this week. On account of the absence, in New York, of Governor McKinley, the requisition could not be honored. Thornton is confident that the Cincinnati authorities have arrested the right man.

A Run to Martinsville. The "Local Cranks," a bicycle club that limits the age of its members to sixty years, and will not receive any under six years of age, will make the run to Martinsville today. John Wilde is captain and F. Holtz and Frank L. Watson lieutenants. There will be about sixty members in the run.

Hamlin's Heritage.

The case of Ambrose N. Hamlin vs. Nancy Hamlin for partition was yesterday settled in Judge McMaster's court. Hamlin received a tract of about forty acres of land and \$250 cash. The defendant in the case is his mother.

What Do You Think of This?

We are going to sell farms this week at give-away prices. We have farms ranging from eight to 200 acres; picturesque country homes-regular gardens of Eden. We have a fine list of elegant homes in city on easy payments. Beautiful building lots in any part of city. Property placed in our hands is sure sale. The secret of our success is energy, and then more energy. Don't fail to call.

POWELL & CO. 316-318 Indiana Trust Building.

Cook's Imperial, World's Fair, "Highest award, excellent Champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet and delicious flavor"



SLUGGISH, OF OVERWORKED PORES.



Bold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continents cities. British depot: The Sunday Journal, by Mail, to Any Address Description of Chargest Coars, Sold Propes, Beatles, U. S. The Sunday Journal, by Mail, to Any Address